To busy being me
@geniusguy69

Requiem

Chapter 1

Stephen Turok was going for a cruise on a beautiful Tuesday morning, and sped out of the curve he had just went through. He was very pleased with the acceleration of his F250 Super Duty as Tool – The Pot quaked the inside of his truck (he already had tinnitus). It was a breathtaking dark blue with a custom trim he waited a year for. He could barely make payments with his 20 hour a week job, but he was happy. "I love driving fast," he murmured to himself, at a volume that was somewhere between inaudible and making him second guess if he even said anything.

He was on his way to the driving range, a 40 minute commute – but it was a beautiful route. He wasn't a golfer per se, but he just really enjoyed thwacking golf balls with his dad's Callaway Epic MAX driver that was engineered with a Jailbreak AI Speed Frame. He just loved the crisp pop of a perfect line drive and shooting the shit with all the cool and funny divorced boomers with hot millennial zoomer girlfriends.

As he came upon his favorite stretch, he mashed the gas and got it up to about 97 for a few miles, and backed it down to a comfy 80 and smiled as his truck was still giving him a nice, solid 19.4 MPG – very good performance for such a big retard truck. He was smiling as the sun pierced the clouds – think a CryEngine game meets the Halo 2 remaster, it was the perfect "skybox". The 50mg gummies he ate earlier were kicking in and he was having the greatest morning of his life, until he looked in his rearview and saw flashing lights/.

He had an average appreciation and respect for cops and sheriffs, because they usually smashed crackheads faces into the hoods of their cruisers and shot rapists and other stuff like that. They would usually let him off with a warning as they were more concerned with keeping people safe instead of ruining their lives. He hated troopers though, he absolutely hated them, they never gave him a break.

"I fucking hate these faggots so much," he said a bit louder than his muttering from earlier. He flipped his turn signal and pulled over to the shoulder and rolled his window down. He sat there for five minutes or so while the trooper just sat in his car like a fucking retard until he finally got out and approached his passenger window.

The trooper was a 5'10" pudgy white guy with the build of someone who had barely met the fitness criteria who was peacocking way too hard, and he asked him if he knew why he pulled him over. "Well, the speed limit is 70, and I clocked you going 71," he said with a very serious tone. "Where ya headed, anyway," he asked.

"Well," Stephen Turok said, "I was going to your mom's house." He lit up a Marlboro 27 and blew smoke at him, knowing he wasn't getting out of it from the start. After some powertrip dick waving, the trooper gave him a $200 ticket and told him to have a good one and be safe, as if he had just given him a whole Bitcoin. Stephen Turok was pissed, and sat there until the trooper took off. He chased him down flashing his brights and the trooper pulled over. They both sat there for a moment until Stephen stepped out with a very sick custom 11,5" AR with a Trijicon Accupoint 1-6x optic and Surefire RC-2 SOCOM suppressor, and rested it on the rolled down window of his open door.

At this distance of about 10 yards, he would have to compensate for the height of his scope over the boreline of his barrel. He aimed at the trooper's head (which was balding), and flipped his selector lever to "Semi" and squeezed off a perfect double tap,

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